

CLARION.

DREAM FULFILLED.

Your voice is as a poem read
In the corner of the brain—I tread
The while I listen. Though I

In my heart, I little thought
More than what was past and

On her way the night have
The new splendors of the sun.

Then, though, that now and then
This bright fancy smiled at

Yemingled with the world and
To think such things could be.

On a balmy night in June,
The window opens wide,

The river, 'neath the crescent
Lay-laden barge with still ears

And straight forgets
Distant fields and voices

And your voice, my heart beat
Only made that far time

Follow the tide of your soft
And drift slowly like the laden

And out of reach
They lose themselves; I know

Passing onward too,
The ocean of earth's woe or woe,

It is, I deem, I and you,
Parted, hand in hand, may go?

ER OF JEFFERSON'S

en Who, as a Thinker and
Was Ahead of Her Day.

ns of the Appeal.]

send you an original letter
was Jefferson, and to do so I

one of our Yankee Texas
Mrs. Sarah Atchison, of Deni-

one of the brightest women
and has been long a resi-

the grand-daughter of Mrs.
Duane Morgan, and while on

er, when I was speaking in
showed me several very in-

her grandmother. Among
of soft white hair, and the

autograph of Gen. Jackson,
his dear friend." Wm. J.

husband, was Secretary of
during Jackson's adminis-

when ordered to remove the
ring the great national bank

used to do so. Jackson of
the ministry to England to

of the way. He refused to
declaring that no bribery

tempt him, and that he
to be removed. Jackson

him. Mrs. Gillespie, who was
of the Woman's division of

Duane. A lovely landscape,
Donelson worked, and gave

son's mother, was also among
es. The letter of Jefferson

the women have ever been on
this land, watching and

ding its interests in every
broader demand is only an

of all the past, and men will
then large interests and work

ous scandals will decrease,
be spared the miserable news-

ies they now see daily of
position led astray and de-

little ones. Let them all
et, they are none of them of

inded order. The reference
son's letter to Gen. Morgan's

ers to Aron Burr's scheme.
Morgan a partial confidant,

on Burr was on trial, said:
as advised, participate in

and then betray him; for it
id treachery either to my

my government." William
oreman of the jury, and com-

Morgan on this in the highest
he following is Jefferson's let-

ter. Katherine Duane Morgan
city that the letter to which

answer could not be placed
copy it exactly:

MONTICELLO, Jan. 18, 1822.

ine D. Morgan:

dually received, dear madam,

of the 10th, with your elo-

lar and address to your fair

es in good works. I well rec-

yourself personally in Wash-

your own merit, as well as for

our esteemed father. Your

too, with the family of the

Morgan is an additional title to

of recollection. He first gave

the mad project of that day,

afflicted consequences to per-

subsequent lives have proved

grity and loyalty to this coun-

which is the object of your

uly laudable, and if generally

an example or practiced as a

change very advantageously

on of our fellow-citizens, and

to those who shall have taken

it.

has been more sensible than

the advantage of placing the

by the side of the producer,

disposed to promote it by ex-

gan was rather a strong-minded lady.

ELIZABETH L. SAXON.

MEMPHIS, April 19, 1883.

The Husband and Wife Talk.

"I wish," said Mrs. Arp "you would

go and see what Carl and Jessie are

doing; down at the branch, I reckon,

and foot all wet, and they have both

got dreadful colds. I can't keep them away

from that branch."

"Did you play in the branch, my

dear, when you were a child?" said I.

"Yes," said she, mournfully, "but

nothing couldn't hurt me then; we were

not raised so delicate in those days.

You know I used to ride to the planta-

tion, 12 miles, and back again in a day

and bring a bag of fruit on the horn of

the saddle, but the girls couldn't do it

now. They can go to a party in a bug-

gy and dance half the night, but that is

all excitement, and they are not fit

for anything the next day. We didn't

have any dances then—hardly ever—

but we went to country weddings some-

times. You remember we went to James

Dunlap's wedding, when he married

Rebecca Sammons. That was a big

frolic—an old-fashioned frolic. Every-

body was there from all the neighbor-

hood, and there was more roast pig and

turkeys and cake than I ever saw, and

we played everything we could think of.

Rebecca was mighty pretty then, but

poor woman—she had a thousand chil-

dren, too, just like myself, and I reckon

she has faded, too, and tired."

"But Jim Dunlap hasn't faded," said

I. "I see him when I go to Atlanta, and

he is big and fat and merry—looks a

little like old David Davis."

"Oh, yes, of course he does," said Mrs.

Arp. "The men don't know anything

about care and anxiety and sleepless

nights. It is wonder to me they die at

all." "But I have helped you all I

could, my dear," said I, "and you see it's

telling on you. Look at these silver

hairs and these wrinkles and crows-feet,

and my back hurts ever and anon, and

this rainy, bad weather gives me the

rheumatism, but you haven't gray hair,

and hardly a seam on your alabaster

forehead. Why, you will outlast me,

and outlive me, too, and maybe there

will be a rich widow stepping around

here into my shoes, and you will have a

fine carriage and a pair of beautiful bay

horses, and—"

"William, I told you to go after Carl

and Jessie."

"If Vanderbilt's wife should die

and he could accidentally see you,"

said I, "after I'm gone there's no tell-

ing."

"Well, go along now and find the

children, and when you come back I'll

listen to your foolishness. I'm not

going to let you die if I can help it, for I

don't know what would become of us

all. Yes, you have helped me, I know,

and been a great comfort and did the

best you could—most of the time, yes,

most of the time—and I might have done

worse, and you must nurse me now and

pet me, for I am getting childish."

"And you must pet me, too," said I.

"Of course I will," said she. "Am I

not always petting you? Now, go 'long

after the children before we both get

crying and have a scene. And I wish

you would see if the buff cochon hen has

hatched in the hen-house."

"She has been setting about fourteen

weeks," said I, "but she is getting old,

and these old mothers are slow, mighty

slow."

I went after the children, and sure

enough they were fishing in the spring

branch, and their shoes were wet and

muddy, and they were bare-headed, and

I marched them up tenderly, and Mrs.

Arp set them down by the fire and dried

their shoes, and got them some more

stockings, and then opened their little

morning school. How patiently these

old-fashioned mothers work and worry

over the little things of domestic

life.—[Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.]

The only way to deal with a liar

is to beat him at his own game. That

is, of course, unless he is the editor

of a pious newspaper. What started

this item was reading about an Ameri-

can who had been to Europe, and

who was telling a friend, who knew

he was a liar, about his trip across the

Atlantic, how, on the 25th of the

month, "they encountered a swarm

of locusts, and the locusts carried

every stitch of canvas off the ship" the

listener looked thoughtfully a moment,

and then he said hesitatingly:

"Yes, I guess we met the swarm of

locusts the next day, the 26th. Every

locust had on a pair of canvas pants."

The first liar went around the cor-

ner and kicked himself.

BAILEY'S SALINE APERIENT is a white

powder, and when placed in water forms

sparkles, and tastes just like soda water.

It is very cooling and pleasant, acts gently

upon the bowels, relieves constipation,

cures sick headache, sour stomach and

heartburn.

ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS sends red blood

to a sickly woman's cheeks and strength to

her muscles, by giving an appetite, aiding

digestion and building up the system. All

sickly women will be delighted with its

prompt and reliable action.

"Tough on Chills."

Cures 5 cases for 25 cents in cash or stamps.

Mailed by John Parham, Atlanta, Ga.

If thou hast not mercy for others,

yet be not cruel unto thyself.

To ruminate upon evils, to make critical

notes upon injuries, and to be acute

in apprehensions, is to add unto our

own tortures, to feather the arrows

of our enemies, to lash ourselves with

the scorpions of our foes, and to re-

solve to sleep no more; for injuries

long dreamt on take away all rest;

and he sleeps but like Regulus, who

busieth his head about them.—Sir

Thomas Browne.

The highest honor a human being is

capable of is to preserve a spotless name.

—Rev. S. P. Herron.

From this letter that Mrs. Mor-

Betting on a Certainty.

In the British army in India, bet-
ting amongst the officers often runs to
the extreme of vice that is fearful to
contemplate. Perhaps it is no worse
than in club life in London, where the
most amusing as well as tragical sto-
ries are told of the curious bets that
are made. Betting on a certainty is
held to be unfair, unless the avow-
al is distinctly made, so that no un-
due advantage is taken.

An officer in the army had imported
for his private apartments a new
and beautiful mahogany table. A day
or two after it had been duly installed
in his quarters, a brother officer, a
great swell and very unpopular, drop-
ped in familiarly, and greatly admired
the beautiful table. The owner was
shaving himself at the glass with his
back to his visitor—Colonel Brown
—but continued the conversation un-
til the colonel withdrew, remarking
that he hoped soon to have his legs
under that elegant mahogany.

The owner of the table we must call
Major Jones made up a little dinner
party in the course of a few days, and
Colonel Brown was one of the number.
It was natural that the new table
should be the subject of remark, and
Brown, who affected to be a connois-
seur in all matters, said the table was
perfect with one exception.

Jones—"And pray what is that
Colonel?"

Brown—"It is just a little too high.

Jones—"Do you think so? How

high would you suppose it to be?"

Brown—"I presume it is the usual

height, just thirty-six inches, and it

ought to be less than that by at least

half an inch."

Jones—"That is the exact height,

thirty-five and a half inches, not

thirty-six, as you suppose."

Brown—"Pardon me. I am certain

it is three feet high; I will make you

a bet on it."

Jones—"You will lose if you do

for I give you notice that I know its

exact height to half an inch, and if I

bet I shall bet on a dead certainty."

Brown—"I am just as sure as you

are; I am betting on a certainty also

my eye never deceives me. I will lay

you a hundred or a thousand pounds

that this table is thirty-six inches high

no more, no less."

The major sought to dissuade his

guest from his purpose to make a bet,

assuring him that he knew the height

of the table, and did not want to bet

on a certainty, but, when the excite-